



### HOW 'MINI-GYM" TURNS PLANT "DRIP" INTO SUCCESS DYNAMO TOM'D LOVE TO DATE YOU, BETTY WHY DON'T YOU GIVE JANE - BUT YOU KNOW HOW IT IS - I LIKE A MAN WHO CAN DISH IT SURE, TOM, YOU'VE GOT THE BRAINS AND MORE FOR THAT WELL, MAYER WOURS RIGHT, it's no use, sam--i'm moving on/ i'm TAKE IT EASY, TOM! ALL YOU MEED IS A DAILY, IO-MINUTE WORK-OUT WITH WORSE THAN A WASH-OUT IN THIS SUPERMOOR'S JOB - BUT BOSS / YOU'D NEVER BE ABLE TO WINE-GYM' AND KEEP THOSE TOUGH PLANT! I CAN'T OUT AS HIM A GET PROMOTIONS HOWBRES IN THE SHOP WELL AS GIVING ME A MUN FOR MY LIKE YOU! IN LINE! MONEY! HERE, LOOK AT THIS AD! CH, TOH. THAT SUPERVISOR'S JOB IS MEXT TIME, FELLER, YOU'D gosh, sam, I'm a new Man! am I glad you MADE ME CLIP THAT MINI-GYM COUPON! METTER THINK FIRST BEFORE YOU'RE YOURS, TOM ! AND I DON'T THANKS. WATCH ME DO JOE BONOMO'S TRICKY WONDERFUL! HAVE TO WISH YOU LUCK! YOU START GHOOTING OFF 8055 I'LL MAKE YOU'VE MADE YOURSELF HUDON RUCH INTO A REAL "COMER" G000 ... A KILLER-DILLER! IND HOW! WHO MAKES HIS OWN GO TO IT, KID! I ALWAYS BUT IT TAKES MANI- BYM TO GIVE A MAN TOP MOWEST, TOM, I-I OVDIN'T MEAN MOTHING!

AMBITIOUS MEN OF ALL AGES! TO GET WHAT YOU WANT OUT OF LIFE GET FIT WITH JOE BONOMO'S

MAGIC DE-LUXE 'MINI-GYM'!

Our special Frice Only

complete

### \* Rowing Machine \* Wall Exerciser \* Tension Pulls \* Bicycle

Packs All The Punch Of a Big, Expensive Gym, Including . . .

Why let the other tellow walk away with the Job . . . and girl that should be yours? Life's prizes go to the amort man who keeps himself in "prize" physical condition. It's easy with the marvellous, new 'MINL-GYM'. For with this new wonder exerciser, you can . . .

Out A Roal Kick Out Of Keeping Fit

Man alive, you haven't really lived 'til you get your cager hands (Yes, and feet, too) late fee Bonome's best-all exerciser, the unique, new 'MINI-GYM's Even though you hated exercise before, with superb 'MINI-GYM' and Joe Bonomo's big, new personal instruction book ... you'll eat it up! Find yourself acting like a kid again . . . and loving it!"

See New Fast 'MINI-GYM' Holps Get You Into A-1 Shape!

You bet, almost before you know it, a daily session with 'MINI-GIM' can help you become the kind of well-toned, alert man most bosses like to have around and girls go for fastest! Can't help but be, for this new "miragle" MINI-GYM' is a revelation meaning it does a 100% job of building YOL 1 Toning, strengthening and pepping up every muscle in your whole body!

knowledge into the design of this terrific, new exercher! So in 'MINI-GYM' you've got everything la takes for genuine, projess sional body-building? 'MINI-GYM'S' Great For Women,

"MINI-GYM'S" Perfected by

The famous JOE BONOMO!

World-famous, profession

al strong man himself, Joe Bonomo knows what it takes to build the physi-

cally perfect man! (Yes,

and woman, soul) And he's put all his first-band

Too! Though 'MINI-GYNT to plenty tough for the proenough to be handled . . and enjoyed . . by any woman. How come? Be-cause for Bonome de-signed 'MINI-GYM' for pirls and momen, too! Especially those who went to develop real pep, alluring curves and a super gorgeous figure! No wonder gals everywhere go for 'MINI-GYM' in a big BIG way !

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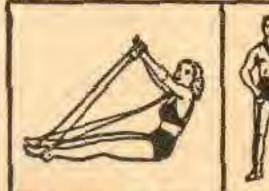
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> 'MINI-GYM' CORP. 1841 Broadway, New York 23, N. T.







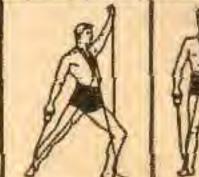
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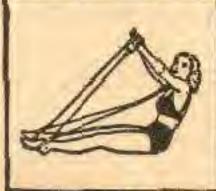
BUSH ME one complete "MINI-GYM", MODEL \_\_\_\_ with 64page Joe Bonomo Course Book, I will deposit \$3.95, plus postago. with postman. Il I am not satisfied in every way, I may return "MINI-CYM' and Book within 10 days for full refund.

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STREET			
CITY		ZONE	STATE









SEND NO

MONEY!

MAIL

"NO RISK"

COUPON

NOW:

TWO MONTHS

Order Your "MINL-GYM" by MODEL 5, M or L.

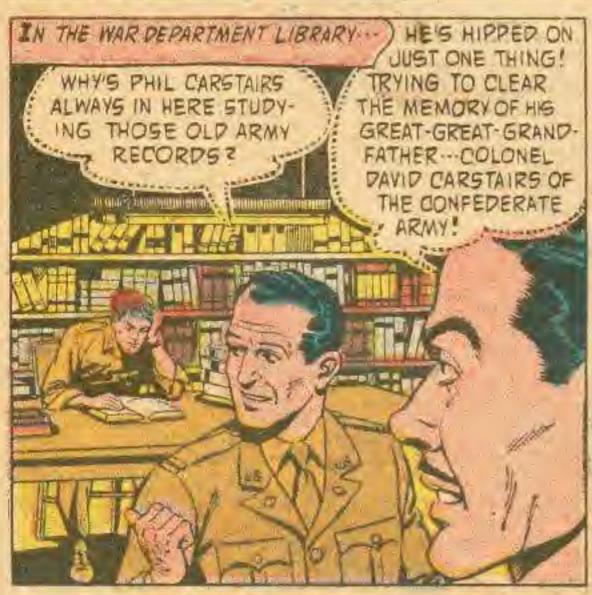
MODEL 5 Ul gon are under 5 ft. tall

MODEL M If you are 5 ft. 40.5 ft. 10 in tall

MODEL L il you are In tall

THE REPUTATION OF A FINE FAMILY! THERE DIDN'T SEEM TO BE ANY WAY OF SOLVING THIS CENTURY OLD RIDDLE ...





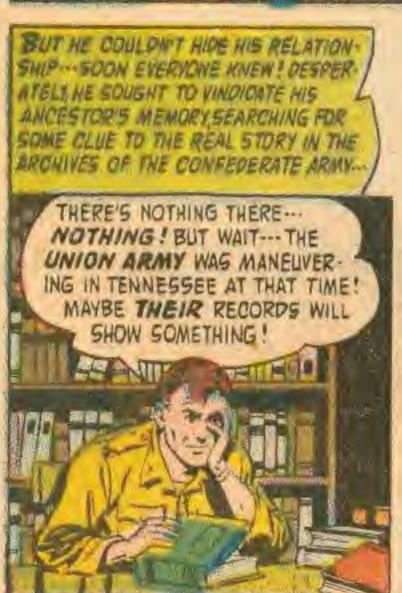


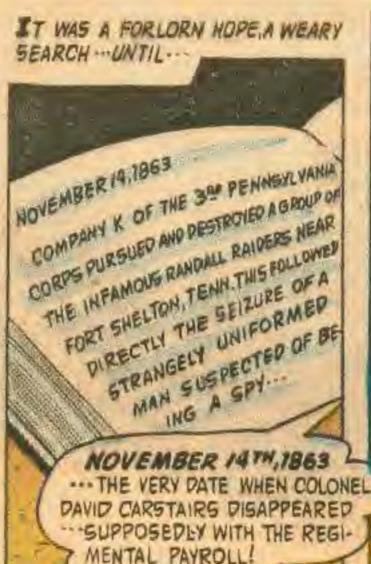
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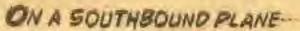










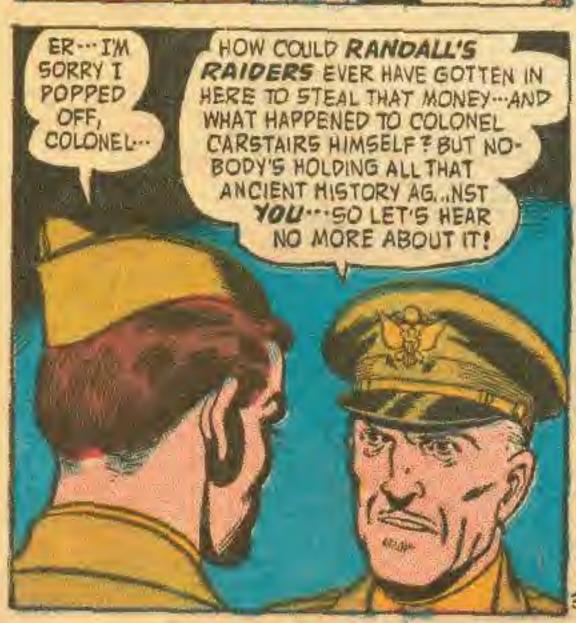








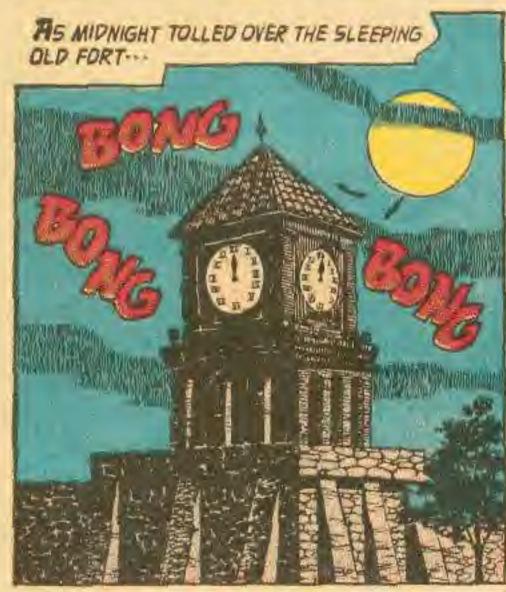




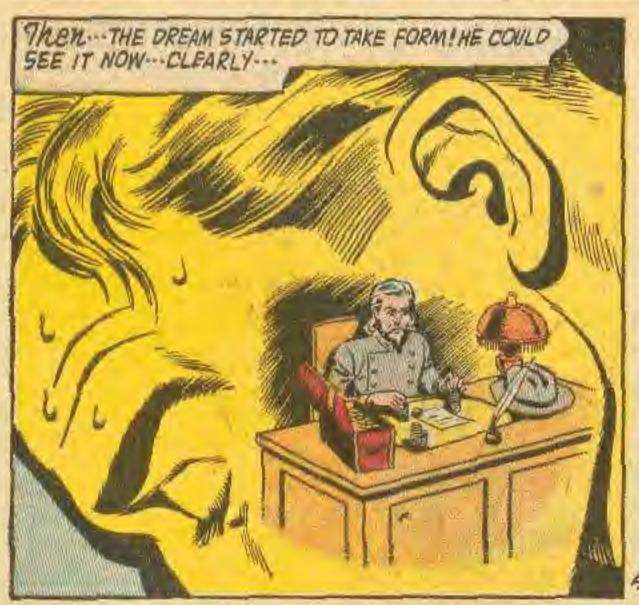








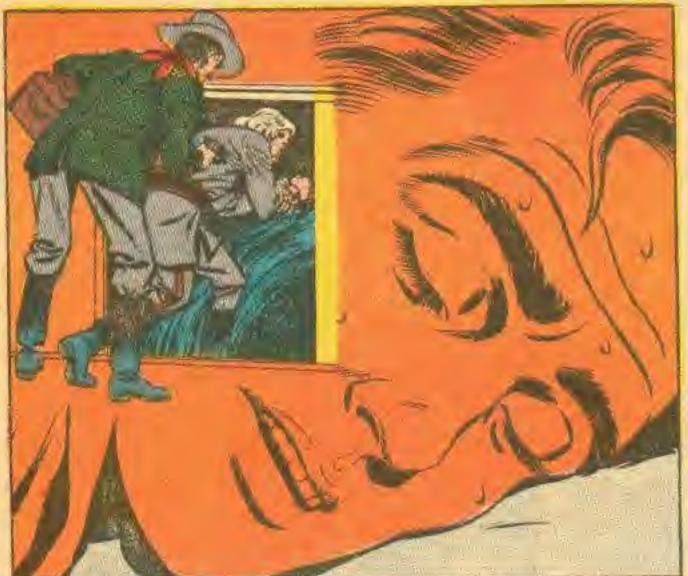












SUDDENLY THE DREAM CHANGED! AND CAPTAIN PHILIP CARSTAIRS, IN FULL UNIFORM, FOUND HIM-SELF FOLLOWING THEM! HE EMERGED FROM THE TUNNEL TO SEE





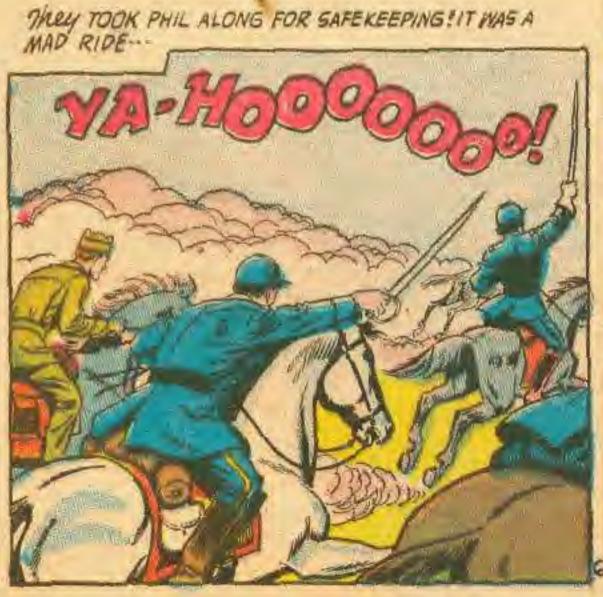
















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NAME

CITY



IT WAS A DESOLATE, WAR-BLASTED HOUSE ... BUT IT OFFER-ED SHELTER FROM THE GRIM PURSUERS-









ARTILLERY! THE FACT DAWNED ON

PHIL WITH STUNNING FORCE ... FOR HE

KNEW COLONEL CARSTAIRS WAS





THROUGH A BLACK, ROARING VOID ...







MEN CLAIM I WAS HAVING! COME MORNING, YOU'LL FIND THAT THIS TUNNEL LEADS RIGHT OUT OF THE FORT! I'M CLAIMING THAT CARL RANDALL KNEW ABOUT IT BECAUSE HE'D BEEN SECOND IN COM-MAND BEFORE HE DESERTED --- AND USED IT TO ENTER THE FORT ON NOVEMBER 14TH, 1863!



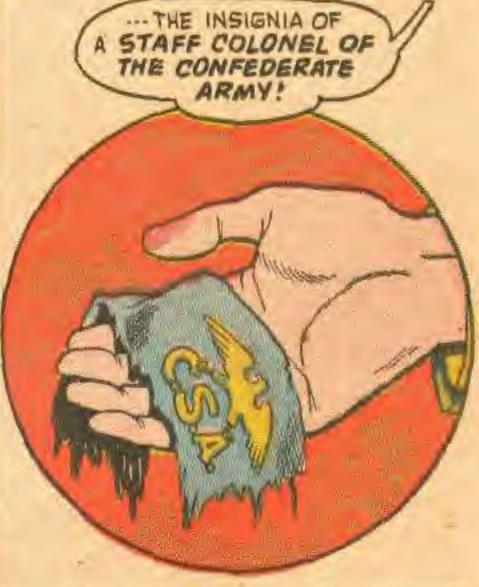
















# Episode on an AND

"Strange stories emerge from out of warfare. Perhaps because men are so near death—can that have anything to do with it?"

We forget who it was who first spoke these words, but it doesn't make any difference. It's true no matter who said it. In evidence, we'd like to tell you of what transpired on a small Pacific island during the spring of 1944. American troops had landed, and, pushing towards the interior of the island, had run into a Jap ambush. Forced into retreat, they took their wounded with them as they headed for their invasion barges. But they were slowed down by the litters they were carrying, and the Japs were in pursuit. There was only one thing to do-leave a small rear guard behind to hold off the enemy at a rocky point in the trail, thus allowing the remaining GI's to escape with the wounded.

Four men were left behind to cover the retreat. Nelson, McTigue, Torrelli and Rosenbloom. From behind a shelter of rocks, their guns wrought execution, keeping back the Japs. But each of the Americans knew it was only a matter of time until a final banzai charge would spell their deaths, for it didn't seem possible to hold out until their escaped comrades sent reinforcements back. PFC Nelson had already made up his mind. This heroism stuff wasn't for him-he wanted to keep on living! They were going to sleep in shifts. After he had gotten his rest, he'd slip away under cover of darkness and hide himself in the jungle-at least he'd have a chance for life then. Too bad about the others, but self-preservation was nature's first law! But as he slept, he had a strange dream. In it there appeared a man clad in the ragged buff and blue of a revolutionary soldier. He was hobbling on a makeshift crutch and wore a tattered rag around his head in lieu of a bandage. His name, Nelson dreamed, was Jabez Flint, and he was begging Nelson not to go ahead with his planned desertion. "You can't do it," he was crying, "or you'll never be able to hold up your head again! You can't betray your comrades-and your cause! I know, because I did-and I died a traitor's death! Don't share my shame-don't-don't-"

At this point Nelson awoke, completely shaken. The dream had been so vivid that he couldn't get it out of his mind. It had had one clearcut effect—now he'd rather die than desert! With morning, the Japs renewed their attacks, but now the Americans fought with a strange fury that piled the enemy up in heaps. And they kept fighting—on and on—until shouts and a crashing volley over their heads from the rear told them that reinforcements had come, and they were saved!

And heading back for their home base aboard an invasion barge, Nelson, Mc-Tigue, Torrelli and Rosenbloom talked things over. Nelson's conscience was hurting him. He felt he could relieve it by telling the truth—after all, he hadn't deserted, so there'd be no harm in it. "You know, fellas," he said, "you'll never guess how close I was to deserting last night, to save my skin! Matter of fact, I might have done it, except for a dream I had! All about this character who begged me not to do it—some revolutionary soldier—"

He got no further. "But—but that was my dream!" gasped McTigue. "I'd planned to head for the bush—and this old fella, name of Jabez Flint, said I'd never be able to hold up my head again! 'You can't betray your comrades—and your cause!' he said ..."

Torrelli, excitement on his face, had been trying to interrupt. "I was gonna pull out while you guys were sleepin' too," he gasped. "And I—I had the same dream! This guy—he was sorta limpin' along on a home-made crutch—an' he wore a kinda raggy blue an' tan uniform! He said I couldn't do it—an' I couldn't!"

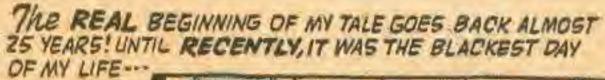
"He had a sorta torn cloth wrapped around his head, like a bandage," whispered Rosenbloom, "an' he said he died a traitor's death! You see—I had the same dream!"

"Strange stories emerge from out of warfare. Perhaps because men are so near death—can that have anything to do with it?"



FROM THE EGYPTIAN STARTING AT THE HEAVENS FROM ATOP A DESERT PYRAMID, TO THE MODERN ASTRONOMER GAZING THROUGH IMMENSE TELESCOPES INTO THE VAST REACHES OF LIMITLESS SPACE, THE GLITTERING STARS HAVEHELD ETERNAL MYSTERY! BUT OF THE COUNTLESS MILLIONS WHO HAVE LOOKED AND WONDERED, ONLY I, RONALD CHAUSENS, HAVE VENTURED INTO THE ABYSS! IT BEGAN AS A GLORIOUS ADVENTURE, BUT IT WAS FATED TO---

















DESPITE LITTLE INTERLUDES LIKE THAT I BECAME A PRETTY GOOD PLAYER SAT 16. MY PARENTS ENTERTAINED HIGH HOPES FOR MY FUTURE ---



BUT I HAP OTHER ) IDEAS!



I'VE GOT TO PICK MY ONN HOW CRAZY FUTURE!IT CAN'T BE THE VIOLIN ... BECAUSE MY GREATEST INTEREST IN LIFE HAS BECOME SCIENCE!



YOU'VE GOTTEN

TO BE ABOUT

MACHINES AND

RESEARCH --- YOU'VE

GOT TO FOLLOW

EKING

WHEN I ENROLLED AT THE MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY ...

EXCELLENT HIGH SCHOOL RECORD, CHAUSENS! WHAT'LL YOU MAJOR INZ **AERODYNAMICS** OLIE



NOW THAT I HAD DISCOVERED MY TRULY GREAT TALENT, I LOST MY TASTE FOR HARMONY! WHILE STUDYING VIBRATION PHENOMENA ... STRANGE.



THEN THERE WAS A GIRLILIKED QUITE A LOT -- UNTIL SHE SURPRISED ME WITH TICKETS TO A CONCERT ...



IN THE FOLLOWING YEARS, I ROSE RAPIDLY IN MY CHOSEN PROFESSION! I WAS HAPPY WORKING FOR AN EXPERIMENTAL AIRCRAFT COMPANY EXCEPT



I DISLIKE YOUR ATTITUDE! WE'VE PUT UP WITH YOUR ARROGANCE AND INSULTS BECAUSE OF YOUR GENIUS - BUT YOU'RE GOING TOO FAR! IN THAT CASE ... I QUIT!



They BALLED ME RUTHLESS, DE-TERMINED, AGGRESSIVE ... AND A STARRY-EYED DREAMER! BUT THERE WAS ONE PERSON WHO AGREED WITH ME TIM SHORE --- A YOUNG SCIENTIST WITH MILLIONS TO BACK UP 415 IDEAS ...













EVERY-

THING IS

READY, MR.

CHAUSENS!





PIFTER WE BECAME USED TO THE STUNNING PANORAMA OF OUTER SPACE AN INTENSE MONOTONY SET IN! THE DAYS PASSED SLOWLY AND THE UN-CEASING PURR OF THE ENGINES WYTED SLEEP! ONE DAY AS I SAT DROWSILY AT THE CONTROLS --

THEN STUFF



I HAD DRIFTED SO FAR FROM MUSIC THAT IT WAS ACTUALLY PAINFUL TO MY EARS! SETTING THE CONTROLS TO AUTOMATIC, I RACED TO INVESTIGATE ---



CAN'T STAND
IT!IT'S LIKE SOME
PEOPLE WHO CAN'T COTTON!
BAT A CERTAIN
FOOD...

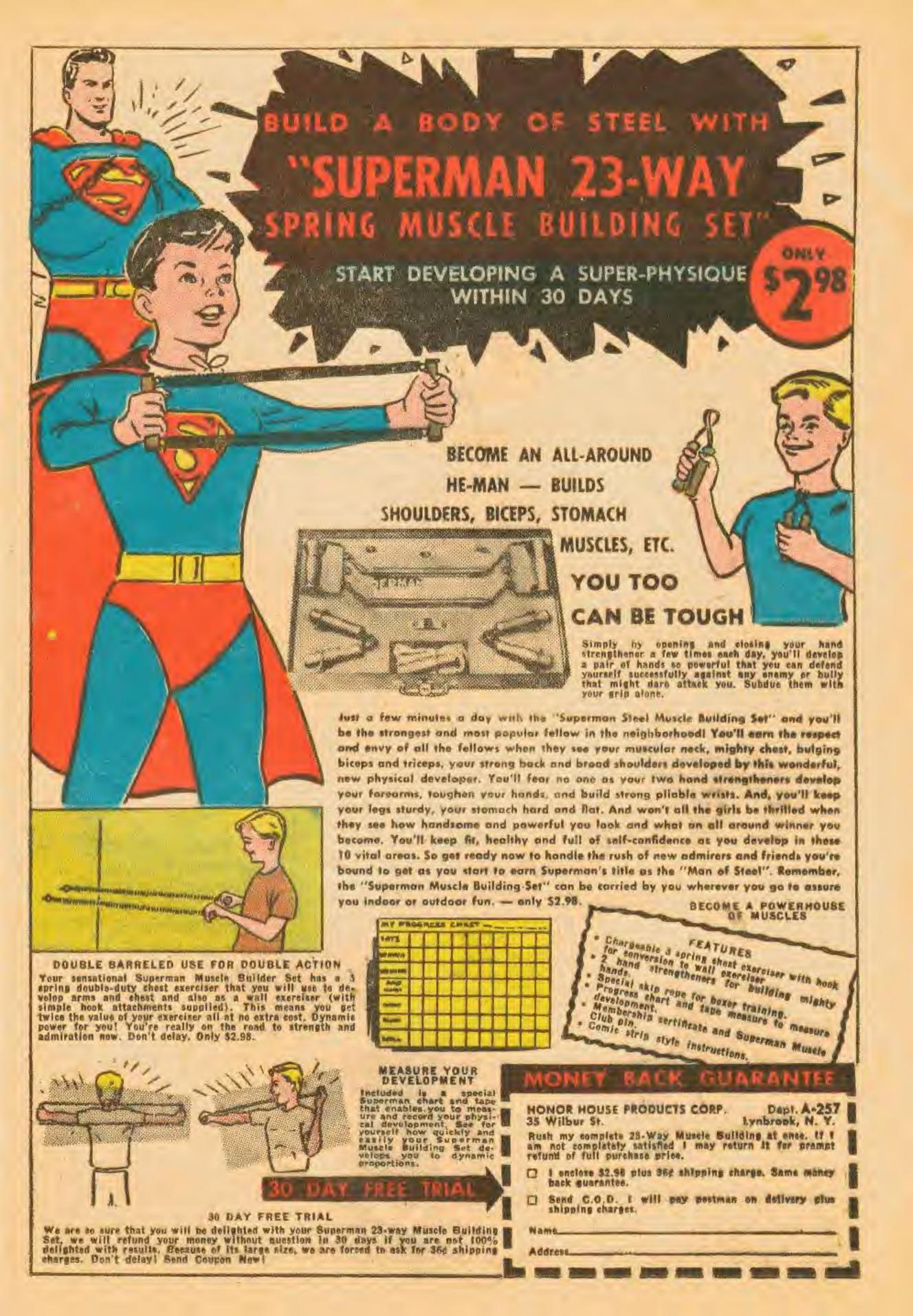
PLEASE I ... I



AT LENGTH, OUR DESTINATION! IMMENSE AND MYSTERIOUS, SATURN BLAZED BEFORE US...













I DON'T KNOW HOW LONG IT WAS BEFORE

WHEN I REALIZED THAT TIM WAS NO MORE, I WAS STUNNED! SOMEHOW I MANAGED TO CRAWL FROM THE WRECKAGE ---



I DIDN'T REALIZE L THEN THAT SCORES OF EYES WERE WATCHING MY EVERY MOVE! AS MY BRAIN CLEARED, I BEGAN TO TAKE A MORE HOPE-FUL VIEW OF THE SITUATION



WITH TIM GONE, I'LL HAVE A CLEAR

FIELD WITH DIANA --- IF I CAN GET

BACK TO EARTH! WE RADIOED THE

ANDO TELLI KRA!

# MADE NO ATTEMPT TO DEFEND MYSELF ... THEY WERE



ALL THE LOOT THEY COULD CARRY TO THEIR VILLAGE!
THEIRS WAS A PRIMITIVE CIVILIZATION, NOT FAR ADVANCED
FROM THE STONE AGE ...



SEEING THAT I WAS HURT, THE SATURNIANS DID EVERYTHING POSSIBLE TO HELP ME! SLOWLY MY ARM BEGAN TO MEND, AND STILL MORE SLOWLY I ACQUIRED THE RUDIMENTS OF THEIR LANGUAGE...



MONTHS PASSED BEFORE I COULD SPEAK THEIR LANGUAGE WELL! THE KING SEEMED TO TAKE A FANCY TO ME---

THIS ALL IS! THEY MUST
THINK I'M SOME SORT OF
DIVINE BEING!

TELL ME MORE OF THE LAND WHENCE VOLL CAME!

HE HAD MANY **QUESTIONS** ABOUT THE EQUIPMENT HIS MEN HAD TAKEN FROM THE ROCKET SHIP! TO MY AMAZEMENT I DISCOVERED ONE DAY THAT THE VIOLIN HAD SURVIVED THE CRASH UNDAMAGED.



TRIED TO LEXPLAIN, BUT THERE WAS NO WORD FOR MUSIC IN THE SATURNIAN LANGUAGE! SO I DEMONSTRATED, AND INSTANTLY A STRANGE HUSH FELL OVER THE WHOLE VILLAGE.



THEY LISTENED ENRAPT, HYPNOTIZED!



NOW JUST A MINUTE!

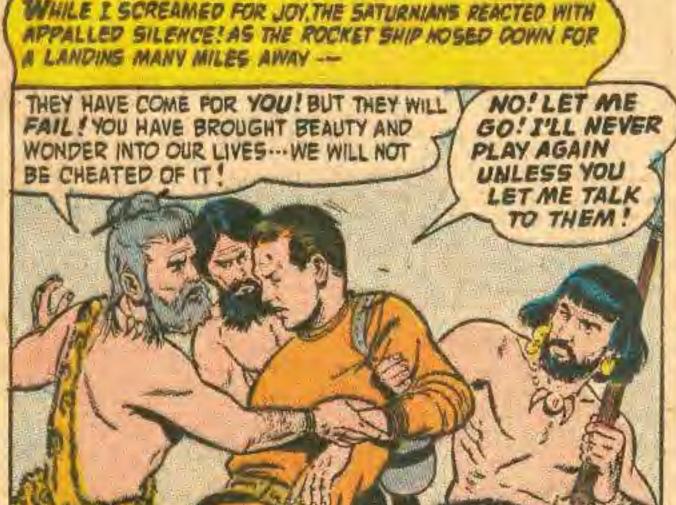


THEY'D NEVER
HEARD MUSIC BEFORE
-- AND IT THRILLED
THEM! FROM THEN ON,
THEY FORGED ME TO
PLAY FOR HOURS
EVERY DAY! WEEK
AFTER WEEK, THE
TORTURE WENT ON-



TIME PASSED. ENDLESS TIME! THE UNIVERSE LOST ALL MEANING ... EXCEPTFOR THE ANGUISHED WAIL OF THE VIOLIN! ONLY HOPE OF RESOUR KEPT ME GOING ·-FOR I KNEW THAT A RESCUE PARTY WOULD BE SENT! MANY MONTHS LATER --







MY HOPES ON
THE KNOWLEDGE
THAT DIANA WOULD
SPARE NONE OF HER
MILLIONS TO REACH
US, ESPECIALLY AS
SHE DIENIT KNOW
THAT TIM WAS DEAD!
NOW RESCUE WAS
IN STORE FOR ME, I
THOUGHT.













MS I TUCKED THE VIOLIN UNDER MY CHIN

WORDS! YES THERE WOULD BE DIHER

I KEPT THINKING ABOUT THE CHIEF'S

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Mamr
Addition



Readers, we're going to let our hair down during this month's session. We're going to give you the lowdown on what's called the "formula" story. This is usually kept very hush-hush, but we feel we've got nothing to fear.

Time was when the comics business was a gravy train. All you had to do was put a magazine on the stands and the public would snap it up. Comics were such a vivid and exciting medium that quality didn't make much difference. For a long time there wasn't much competition. All you had to do was throw together the right number of pages every month.

But several years ago the situation changed, mostly because of the "formula" story. Writers had begun to throw the same tired old plots at the readers until they were practically screaming for mercy. After all, many hacks figured, if a story was good once, why not again and again? But they underestimated the public. To their dismay they discovered that readers were also critics, that they were no longer buying just anything. No, they'd begun to pick and choose from the flood of comics which were on the market, and pretty soon the "formula" boys were up to their necks in trouble.

That was the old—and thank heavens, it's now a thing of the past. There's a new order, bringing to you the policy which "Adventures Into the Unknown" has always held fast to. Our feeling has always been that a reader is entitled to good stories, stories which are challenging and exciting, stories that linger in the memory as tense and fascinating plots, intelligently and imaginatively conceived. Each story must stand on its own merits—and we know that we've reached our goal when the reader says, "Hey, this is good!"—and proceeds to tell his friends about it.

We'd like you to tell your friends about "Adventures Into The Unknown." And we think that, in this present issue, you've got

something to tell about. It isn't often that such a story as "The Curious Carstairs Case" comes to light. "End On A Low Note" is a tribute to the exciting imagination of a truly fine writer—and as for "Birds Of A Feather," that's as entrancingly offbeat a story as we've published in months! We'd like to know your reactions to these yarns, so won't you write us? Address your letter to The Editor, "Adventures Into The Unknown", 45 West 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y. We'll publish it if space permits. Meanwhile, here's what some of our other readers are saying!

### "Dear Editor :-

I'm a new fan of your magazine, 'Adventures Into The Unknown', and have only five previous issues. I'm really crazy about this book—please let me know if you can get any back issues!

> -Alex Dobrowolski, Kearny, N. J."

### "Dear Editor:-

I think 'Adventures Into The Unknown' is the best comic I've ever read. Your stories are wonderful—especially 'Your Number's Up' in the August issue, and 'I'll Dream About You', which has a fine ending.

-Etta Berman, Baltimore, Md."

### "Dear Editor:-

I've just finished reading my latest copy of 'Adventures Into The Unknown'. I've always been and hope to continue being one of your readers. I'd like to say that your stories are really outstanding. My vote in issue No. 65 goes to 'I'll Dream About You' and 'Final Accounting'. Keep up your wonderful magazine!

-P. E. Thomas, N. Y., N. Y."











POOR LITTLE THING! IT'S 50



























